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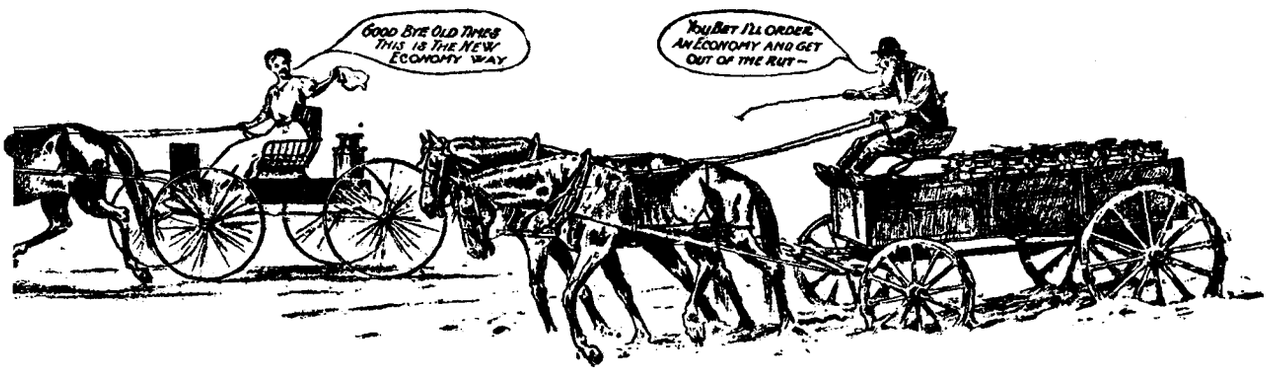
RICHARD B. DU BOFF

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE 'NEW ECONOMICS'?



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GOLDEN BOY & LITTLE PEOPLE

STEPHEN M. JOSEPH

PLAYING THE 'DIRTY DOZENS'

MATTHEW M. MESTROVIC

EAST EUROPE: POLICY OR PR?

LEONARD J. BERRY

POLITICS AT THE FESTIVAL

BOOKS: THE SELLING OF THE PRESIDENT • O'DEA'S THE RELIGIOUS CRISIS • LAWLER'S COMMITMENT • KENEALLY'S CHEERS • RAHNER'S SACRAMENTUM • BOLIVIA'S GREAT REBEL

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NEWS & VIEWS

A Gain on Sprays

Last spring's Senate subcommittee hearings into the exotic world of chemical sprays [*Commonweal,* 6/27/69, p. 402] turn out not to be the exercise in futility some were predicting.

Several sprays have been seized, and an investigation has been launched into the industry as a whole and charges that sprays are causing serious permanent injuries to the maced.

The Food and Drug Administration has informed subcommittee chairman Frank E. Moss of the action.

Grounds for seizure are that some sprays are improperly labeled, while others meant for law enforcement officials only are being diverted into consumer channels.

Among the sprays confiscated: "The Preventor," the civilian version of Mace. Acting commissioner of food and drugs W. B. Rankin reports that the spray was mislabeled and that it could indeed "blow back onto the user," as charged during the Senate hearings.

(Interestingly enough, the outlet opened in Washington by Defensive Instruments Inc. for distribution of "The Preventor" is now closed.)

Rankin was at pains to reassure Senator Moss about the seriousness of the FDA investigation. "We intend to inspect each manufacturer and wholesale distributor and examine samples of their product," he said by letter.

It is in conjunction with this study that the FDA will probe side-effect injuries attributed to chemical sprays; cases such as permanent damage to eyes and lungs.

In a real sense, the whole thing is a minor triumph for Professor Joseph A. Page of the Georgetown University Law Center.

It was Page who was largely responsible for the Senate hearings, with his prodding articles in *Georgetown Law Journal* and in *Commonweal* [4/18/69]. And it was Page who focused attention on the injurious effects of chemical sprays by keeping a careful file on spray-injury cases.

Page has turned mildly optimistic. "Things move slowly, but at least they move," he commented.

The trouble is, with each small gain, there is inevitably a loss. Washington, D.C. police recently started toting Mace. Officials there discount the permanent injury possibilities and rate Mace with the night-stick as a humane instrument of public order.

The Making of an . . .

What kind of man makes a Nixon ambassador?

One who expounds on the keen civil rights emphases of the Nixon Administration, affirming that under Nixon Negro-owned industries will be encouraged . . . industry will be induced to locate in minority group areas . . . civil rights will expand (the designation of Father Hesburgh as chairman of the Civil Rights Commission insures that, naturally) . . . and, of course, there will be no withdrawal of federal enforcement of desegregation in Southern schools (well, we all miss one once in a while).

Nixon's man also expounds on Nixon the peacemaker, and argues that Dick's concentration on "the internal situation" does not mean a neglecting of worldwide responsibilities. No sir. Indeed, Mr. Nixon "has already taken steps to fulfill his role as 'peacemaker.' "

What's the role of peacemaker? "[It] is a broad concept concerned with the avoidance of conflict between races and cultures as well as between nations. Mr. Nixon's action on Biafra has clearly indicated this broad purpose." Which translates that the trick of the successful peacemaker is to do nothing.

Who writes thus? The new U.S. Ambassador to Burundi, in the *Catholic World* [May, 1969], Thomas P. Melady.

Preparing the Word

The American economic take-over of Thailand [*Commonweal,* 9/26/69, p. 578] rolls inexorably on. The latest inroad is into publishing. A U.S. investment group has puchased 46 percent of *The Bangok World,* an English-language daily.

Now the people who count will get the straight story of American corporate interest in that exploitable land.

The only surprise about the purchase is that it comes later rather than sooner.

LNS

A Word for Dan

Edward V. De Santis speaks out for fellow-Jesuit Dan Berrigan in the Jesuit quarterly *Woodstock Letters:*

"There are many Jesuits who have mistaken Berrigan's actions as a gradual separation from the order he has been a member of for 20 years. On closer inspection, however, he is in his own way directing his attention to salvaging what is viable, what has a future, in the Society of Jesus. He continually chooses to live as a Jesuit so long as the order does not slam the door shut on the real human challenges that are shaking and shaping her from within. He loyally identifies himself with those who find the life-giving priorities, risky and volatile though they may be, too precious and promising to be jettisoned in favor of adherence to what may have become a system slowly grinding itself to a halt."

Odds 'n Ends

—Lest anyone really believe advertisers are without editorial leverage, *Hard Times* reports that *Life* blue-penciled brand names out of Jack Newfield's article on Ralph Nader (Coca-Cola, for one). And *Time* scrapped a Nader front cover, when at presstime a top editor noticed that the cover backed up to a Chevrolet ad; GM and Nader are hardly mixers. On went Golda Meir.

—But for advertising savvy, nothing beats the pitch of the housewife on Rolaids' TV commercial: "Since my husband joined the police force . . ." JOHN DEEDY

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CORRESPONDENCE

Funding GIs for Peace

Washington, D.C.

To the Editors: There are many GI's on military reservations eager to participate in the massive Peace Marches to be held November 15 in San Francisco and Washington, but they need transportation. Funds are being sought to charter busses. We ask your readers to show their support by sending their contributions to New Mobilization/Operation Transport: 555 North Western Avenue, Los Angeles, California 90004, or 1029 Vermont Avenue, N.W., Suite 900, Washington, D.C. 20005.

DONALD DUNCAN

ROGER LEE PRIEST, USN

'Counter-Curriculum'

Delaware, O.

To the Editors: The first part of Myron Bloy's "The Counter Curriculum" [Oct. 3] was excellent. But when he begins to talk about the new shape of higher education he goes to pieces and rather seriously confuses the role of education with that of other social agencies. To do this in the name of religion, as he does, is unpardonable.

Bloy does not seem to realize that by proposing a "mission-oriented education" he is not at all replacing the "autotelic self" but merely setting that same self different ends than those he had previously excoriated. I would agree that they are better ends and in that sense perhaps get us closer to authentic education. But they by no means bring us to the heart of the matter.

Because of this confusion Mr. Bloy is led to make some very dubious suggestions (e.g. freshmen writing metaphysical poetry!). More importantly, he leaves the serious problems of educational reform (relationships between science and humanities, education and the economy, etc.) untouched. One can understand his concern for relevance. But relevance in the name of a vested interest rather than a broad concept of

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THE GAMES POWERS PLAY

No gain, however minor, in control over nuclear warfare is to be belittled. Hence, the accord reached between the U.S. and Russia banning nuclear arms from the world's seabeds is a welcome supplement to treaties already hammered out. The seabed agreement actually makes the list of nuclear pacts quite impressive; understandings now govern the testing of nuclear weapons, the preservation of outer space for peaceful purposes, and the proliferation of nuclear arsenals. Unfortunately, however, the impressiveness is still a surface thing. There are so many exclusions to the treaties that treaty objectives are easily circumvented. The test ban treaty, for instance, leaves the door open to under-ground testing, so the U.S. is now exploding at the Nevada proving grounds thermonuclear devices 50-times more powerful than the Hiroshima bomb. Whatever else that treaty accomplished, it has not curbed the development of nuclear weaponry.

The seabed agreement falls into the same category of limited effectiveness. It does not demilitarize the ocean floor; it does not restrict nuclear submarines; it does not provide against movable nuclear installations; indeed, the agreement exempts seabeds in territorial waters beyond the old three-mile limit, thus leaving an exploitable area from 12 to several hundred miles along every coastline. For this concession from the U.S., Russia dropped its insistence on complete demilitarization of seabeds, an idea resisted by the U.S. The U.S. and Russia, in a word, worked out a treaty which suited their specific national interests.

Smaller nations will now be invited to ratify the treaty; when 20 do, the pact will be binding. But will it mean very much? It is doubtful, for the treaty is another patchwork with so many openings as to provide no meaningful control whatsoever. The U.S. and Russia are still playing games with one another.

From the seabeds, negotiators will move to consideration of strategic arms limitations, after national leaders agree on a date for the opening of talks. Just getting these most crucial of all talks started is going to be a challenge. But once begun, they must be conducted unlike all past nuclear arms negotiations. Which means that the superpowers must get down to business that does more than merely create illusions about arms control.

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WEATHER GOES SDS?

Chicago

One of the first street-fighters to get busted during SDS's charge into the Loop was John Jacobs. At Columbia University, he served as Mark Rudd's ideological mentor. Before the SDS convention last June, he drafted the position paper for Rudd and other Weathermen. (The document, as it was printed by *New Left Notes,* named this faction by carrying a headline taken out of a Bob Dylan song: "You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows.") After Rudd became SDS's disputed national secretary, Jacobs could strategize for this autumn's Chicago street actions. Now, since Rudd was another of the 150 revolutionary prisoners on this overcast afternoon, Jacobs could again try to play his Che to Mark's Fidel.

The Weathermen, per Jacobs' document, think the revolution is happening now. Consider Algeria, they say, or China, Cuba, Vietnam—and the United States looks to be nothing but a holdout, racist and capitalist, against people's revolution. The Weathermen consequently are opening the struggle behind enemy lines. Blacks are ready to rise up now, the Weathermen expect, but the white workers scorn the leaders of the revolution as pantywaists and Reds. Our image of weakness is false, the Weathermen say, so we must cast it off by our courageous street fighting. And our Communism, although it's a fact, might seem meaningless to workers, the Weathermen worry. They consequently try to dramatize their ideology by the choice of targets for their street attacks. The first Chicago raid, for instance, hit the luxurious eating spots and apartments of the Gold Coast.

The second attack was intended for the financial district. But the Weathermen instead broke into a street of ground-level shops and lunch counters. ("They're attacking the people," objected a follower of a rival SDS faction after the Loop sortie.)

The media, the Weathermen are confident, will put out the message of revolutionary action. They play on an ironic turn here: It's plausible to ask if unfair news coverage of the Weathermen is possible, for the press's smear is their delight. The *Chicago Tribune,* for example, finally documented one of its many rabid stories about protest politics by running a front-page photo of smiling Weathermen working over a police official.

The same picture got a proud display on the cover of *New Left Notes.* The media strategy explains the Weathermen's inability to get mass support (Rudd said 20,000 demonstrators would come to Chicago, but only about 250 actually showed). It also means the Weathermen, although they hope to lead the oppressed, don't care to talk directly to them first. And so, at this writing, Cicero and Queens are still quiet. (As that same Dylan song goes on to say: "Don't follow leaders watch your parking meters.")

RALPH WHITEHEAD

For Eastern Europe: PR or Policy?

The melancholy story of Dubcek and the Czech liberals is inexorably moving to its inevitable conclusion. The Czechoslovak Central Committee meeting late in September dutifully ousted Dubcek from the ruling 11-member Presidium, and purged such unrepentant liberals as Smrkovsky, Cisar, Cerny, Hajek and Prchlik from their positions in the Central Committee and government.

The "salami tactics" used against the liberals are only too reminiscent of the old Stalinist purge procedures, under which a foe is methodically stripped of all his political functions, and is finally imprisoned or physically eliminated. Thus it seems unlikely that the political destruction of the Czech liberals will stop with their ouster from the highest party councils.

The grand inquisitor conducting the current purge is ironically Dr. Gustav Husak, a Slovak nationalist, who was himself at one time the victim of Stalinist persecution. But it remains to be seen whether Husak's zeal in crushing and arresting hundreds of Czech demonstrators who rallied in Prague on the anniversary of the Soviet invasion, and his purge of the most outstanding liberal leaders, will satisfy the stage manager in the Kremlin.

Politics and the Parish

Nowhere can holy inanities be found so easily as in parish bulletins. That is why it was a pleasant shock to encounter the following reflection occasioned by New York's electoral campaign, and exuding all the flavor of a real urban parish about its business—

"A word of explanation . . . concerning Mayor Lindsay's trip yesterday to . . . the People's Park east of the church. . . . The mayor is obviously looking for exposure and we for a completed play area. So yesterday St. Gregory's hosted the little ceremony. Was the mayor using us? Of course! Were we using the mayor? Of course! Do the priests endorse him for reelection? None of us has done so publicly. . . . We were looking to say thanks [for basketball courts] and also working on getting the city to turn the unused boiler room in the basement of W. 91st St. into a teen-age hangout. It gets cold playing basketball outside all winter. Who then was playing politics in the playground on Saturday? If it is hard to be pure in politics, it is impossible to be purely unpolitical if one even in the name of Christ wants to do anything in our society about hunger, housing, or teenagers' chance for horse-play." [St. Gregory's]

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Or will Husak, once he has completed the odious purge of the liberals, be himself eliminated from top party leadership, and replaced by those who never wavered in their subservience to the Soviets, not even at the tide of last year's liberal upsurge, like Bilak, Indra and Strougal?

The Soviet occupation of Czechoslovakia and the reinstatement of a neo-Stalinist dictatorship do not, of course, remove the root causes which led to the liberal revolt, such as the dismal stagnation, and indeed the decline, of Czechoslovakia as a leading industrial state, and the almost universal disillusionment of intellectuals and workers with the realities of Soviet-style Marxism. But, obviously, this does not overly distress Brezhnev. The Kremlin leadership seems quite content to maintain indefinitely Soviet rule in Eastern Europe with bayonets.

By now there's nothing that can be done to retrieve the Czechoslovak situation. The most realistic of Dubcek's East European supporters, like Yugoslavia's Tito and Rumania's Ceausescu, have long since reached this conclusion and have labored diligently to improve their own relations with Moscow.

But what seems most distressing is that the lessons of Czechoslovakia, like those of Hungary and Poland in 1956, and East Germany in 1953, have been completely lost on Washington. Today, 14 months after the Aug. 21, 1968, invasion of Czechoslovakia by the Soviet army, the Administration in Washington does not seem to have developed any positive and realistic policy to deal with potentially similar crises that may arise in the eastern half of Europe.

The U.S. should certainly eschew military interventionism and adventurism on behalf of discredited causes and corrupt regimes, that have neither the will nor the strength to survive on their own; the Vietnamese experience has certainly proved this. But, the U.S. can and should provide diplomatic and material aid to all governments, including Communist ones, that show a determination to defend their national sovereignty. This was successfully done after 1948 in the case of Yugoslavia.

Of course, the old hopes that the Soviets would allow their satellite states to "evolve" gradually into freer and more independent societies were harshly shaken by the Czechoslovak experience. So, too, has the theory that the Kremlin collective leadership of faceless party bureaucrats would act more cautiously than Stalin did. Both the invasion of Czechoslovakia and the suppression of the Hungarian revolution have shown that Moscow's collective leadership is prone to erratic, rash, treacherous and brutal actions.

The much publicized August visit of President Nixon to Bucharest, where he was wildly cheered by a million Rumanians, may have flattered the President's ego and delighted U.S. TV viewers. It may even have been a successful "exercise in international public relations," as *East Europe* magazine claimed. But it is not an adequate substitute for an imaginative and realistic East European policy, just as Nixon's assurances during last year's election that he had a constructive alternative to President Johnson's Vietnam policies, is not a substitute for such a policy—as Congress and the public are becoming increasingly aware.

It is highly naive to believe with the anonymous "official in Prague," quoted by *East Europe,* that "had Nixon been here last year, we might not have been invaded." The President's presence of a few hours in Prague would hardly have impressed Brezhnev and Marshals Grechko and Jakubovski.

Similarly, Nixon's cordial talk with Ceausescu has not deterred the Soviets from increasing their pressure on the Rumanians to permit Warsaw pact maneuvers in their country later this year, a demand that may prove impossible to resist much longer, irrespective of the fresh memories of Soviet "maneuvers" in Czechoslovakia shortly before the occupation. The overriding power reality in Eastern Europe is the presence of large Soviet armies, that are kept at the peak of military readiness.

The fundamental weakness of Rumania's position, in the absence of meaningful U.S. policy in Eastern Europe, is obvious from Ceausescu's recent concessions to the Soviets and his desperate attempts to obtain "guarantees" of protection from Peking. Rumania, of course, remains under a tight unreconstructed neo-Stalinist regime, despite Ceausescu's talk about the need for greater democracy. But the propensity of even the Rumanian Stalinists to assert claims of national sovereignty, and their desire to operate their own foreign policy, have displeased the Kremlin sufficiently that it may not rest until Rumania is reduced to the level of subservience, shown so willingly by Ulbricht's East Germany and Zhivkov's Bulgaria.

MATTHEW M. MESTROVIC

(Matthew M. Mestrovic is an assistant professor of modern European history at Fairleigh Dickinson University. He is recently returned from an extensive trip to Eastern Europe.)

THE CHURCH IN THE YEAR 2000

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WHATEVER HAPPENED TO THE 'NEW ECONOMICS'?

RICHARD B. DU BOFF

The 1969 *Annual Report of the* [President's] *Council of Economic Advisers*, published last January, presented an economic summing-up of the Kennedy-Johnson years. It marked, in a sense, the end of an era, and for that reason it was a conscious valedictory statement. "The vigorous and unbroken expansion of the last eight years," it told us, "is in dramatic contrast to the 30-month average duration of previous expansions. No longer is the performance of the American economy generally interpreted in terms of stages of the business cycle. . . The forces making for economic fluctuations have been contained through the active use of monetary and fiscal policies. . . Eight consecutive years of economic expansion, the longest and largest sustained advance in the annals of U.S. history, have dispelled the doubts that prevailed in the late 1950's about the vitality of the American economic system."

By now such claims are familiar fare. They herald the "new economics," described by its disciples as the enlightened utilization of Keynesian economic theory to control the undesired fluctuations—chiefly unemployment and inflation—that have been so much a part of free market capitalist economies. Before the arrival of the Kennedy Administration in January 1961, the U.S. economy, according to the New Economists, had been a shackled giant, held back by an excessively burdensome structure and by a set of "orthodox" economic beliefs, which, when applied during the Eisenhower years, tended to produce sluggish economic growth, periodic recessions, and naggingly high unemployment. Among these old-fashioned beliefs were an annually balanced federal budget at any price, a restrictive "tight money" policy by the Federal Reserve System, and long-range reductions in federal spending (or at least, slow-ups in its rate of increase).

Those were certainly the Bad Old Days for New Economists like Paul Samuelson, probably the best-known Keynesian and author of the largest selling college textbook in history. Worrying lest "we repeat the disastrous policies of the stagnant '50s," Samuelson wrote in his *Newsweek* column last November that

> our economic system . . . in the 1960s has far surpassed the prophecies of even the most optimistic experts. *The New Economics really does work*. Wall Street knows it. Main Street, which has been enjoying 92 months of advancing sales, knows it. The accountants who chalk up record corporate profits know it . . . and so do the school nurses who measure the heights and weights of this generation and remember the bony structure of the last. You can bet that the statisticians of the Kremlin know it—down to the last hundred million of GNP.
>
> Who does not know it? Of course, the exponents of orthodox finance deny the obvious. . . And how could the New Left forget what it has never learned, or wanted to know?

For most economists it would probably be a mild form of heresy to challenge Samuelson, Walter Heller, James Tobin, Gardner Ackley, Robert Solow or Otto Eckstein, who have successfully sold the public, or that part of it that really counts in making the key economic decisions, on the dollars-and-cents virtues of applied Keynesianism. Even the conservative "Chicago School," championed by

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Milton Friedman, barely differs on ends any more ("We're all Keynesians now," says Friedman). Their dissent seems to be over means, over tools; the Chicago economists prefer monetary policy to fiscal policy which, as they see it, embodies too much state intervention and too little effective control over the rate of business activity.

Differences between Kennedy-Johnson New Economists and Nixon's economists (like the ones so ominously outlined by *New York Times* analyst Edwin Dale, Jr., May 25) are likewise turning out to be either quite minor in nature or null in terms of their effects on entrenched economic and political institutions. Some of these differences were also touched on by Arthur Okun, Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers during the last year of the Johnson Administration. In a recent interview Okun took issue with Nixon's repeal of the seven percent investment tax credit and his "scrapping of the [wage-price] guideposts"—without indicating that both of these measures were actually considered or carried out under Johnson, well before Nixon entered the White House. More noteworthy is Okun's enthusiastic approval of the general direction of the Nixon economic policy: "I think [it] is gratifying, it's wise, it's good for the country, it represents a good deal of continuity with the objectives of the Johnson Administration . . . the commitment to sustain prosperity is now a bipartisan affair."

So at present we find the "new economics" secure in its reputation. Currently it's even being enshrined in a growing number of books, articles, and editorials. "Revolutions occur infrequently in the United States," writes one admiring chronicler, which is why "the 'new' economics is so remarkable; with hardly a shot fired it was named an 'economic revolution' in its own time. . . The fires of economic revolution were lit during the Presidency of John F. Kennedy." And since that blast-off, the "new economics" has borne us into a New Era of growth and prosperity.

Yet the most casual look at the heritage of this eight-year triumph leaves little to cheer about. On January 20, 1969, Richard Nixon was handed stewardship of an economy plagued by the worst inflation since 1951, the highest interest rates in 35 years, the lowest merchandise surplus in the balance of payments since 1937, the international monetary system (i.e. the dollar) in questionable health, and a level of unemployment still too high despite reductions in joblessness helped along by statistical legerdemain (redefinitions of what constitutes "unemployment," in 1962) and by enormous arms expenditures.

But if the "new economics" has stumbled on the grounds of its own narrowly defined "stabilization" ends, it has simply collapsed on political and moral grounds—even by modest liberal or reformist standards. The single accomplishment it can point to, an impressive growth in national output, has actually been an extremely uneven advance, fueled by arms and war spending on one hand and by regressive taxation and increasing social inequality on the other. The "new economics," in short, has been solidly based upon 1) acceptance of, or accommodation to, high levels of arms and war expenditures for "Keynesian" stimulation, and 2) conscious advocacy of status quo policies with respect to the distribution of power, wealth, and income, and the balance between the public and private sectors of the economy. Military Keynesianism has been combined with tax, wage, and profit policies offered *explicitly* as tools to leave the relationships among these areas unchanged.

These two points take on added significance, inasmuch as the New Economists invariably call themselves "pragmatic" and "liberal." Any examination of their positions and acts, however, reveals an altogether different set of values: accommodationist and military-Keynesian. New Economists have adapted, without any noticeable discomfort, to the values of the political system underlying arms spending. As a group, they have exhibited remarkable willingness to lend their talents to improving the efficiency of a government whose primary commitment has been the expansion of its military might and the pursuit of "grand designs abroad" (the words used by Walter Heller, 1961-64 Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, to describe what he helped Presidents Kennedy and Johnson carry out "by financing Vietnam on a both-guns-and-butter basis"). Politically-directed expenditures, predominantly military, are taken as "givens" or, more often, as the "choices" made by a sociopolitical order which most New Economists stoutly support, in spite of the cumulative inequalities and social decay it keeps on producing.

II

The celebrated 1961-68 "new economics" boom owed its origins and duration largely to military spending. Starting from a substantial level to begin with—roughly one-tenth of the gross national product—military and space increases outpaced increases in GNP for the entire 1961-68 period (77 percent to 65 percent), as well as for the 1961-63 Kennedy period (21 to 17 percent). From 1965 through 1967, increases in military spending alone averaged $11 billion per year. Furthermore, of the 9.2 million growth in the labor force from 1961 through 1968, 1.0 million were accounted for solely by the armed forces. (This 1.0 million figure doesn't include employment increases in defense-related government agencies and in war-related industries like aircraft, electronics, transportation and warehousing, radio and communications instruments, ordnance.)

The first phase of the boom, through 1963, was spurred by a sharp step-up in the arms and space budgets by the Kennedy Administration. Samuelson himself

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pointed out in 1962 that "as a result of two or three new upward revisions of our defense budget, and not as a result of a cool decision on the part of the New Team to disregard ideology and prescribe for the nation what its sound economic health required, fiscal 1962 [beginning July 1, 1961] looks to end up with the sizable [budget] deficit designed to promote a healthy rate of recovery and expansion."

Two years later came the Vietnam escalation, imposed upon an economy already expanding in the wake of Kennedy's higher military spending and the 1964 tax cut. The effects were immediate. Gardner Ackley, then Chairman of the Council of Economic Advisers, told the *Wall Street Journal* in October 1966 that the ensuing rise in GNP dated "almost to the hour" of the Johnson press conference of July 28, 1965, when the President announced major arms and troop buildups for Vietnam. "If the war hadn't speeded up," added Ackley, "I expect we would have been looking around for further measures to stimulate the economy." According to a U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics study, from 1965 through 1967 the escalation was directly responsible for creating one million new jobs—one-fourth of the overall increase in employment for that period. The total number of civilians and military personnel whose jobs stemmed wholly from military spending rose past 7.6 million, over ten percent of the labor force. Millions more benefited indirectly. Still, despite this massive injection, the economy managed to falter. In the first three months of 1967 GNP actually dropped off slightly. One is tempted to ask what might have happened in the absence of the Vietnam escalation.

One-Dimensional

But not many New Economists would be so tempted. Their own position on arms spending appears to be strictly one-dimensional. Rarely is the obvious impact of arms spending, or the fact that it has become structured into the economy, discussed so that it can be dealt with for what it is—a concrete reality with deadly serious economic and political implications. Even less frequently has it been pointed to as a major force behind postwar prosperity and the 1961-68 expansion; the 1969 *Annual Report*, in its five congratulatory chapters, never cites it at all in that connection.

The only time military spending does get mentioned—in a way that further illustrates the ideological bias of New Economists—is in a negative sense: to deny that it's "necessary" for continued American prosperity. People who hold that it is are dismissed as "Marxian critics" (Samuelson) or "left-wing foreign critics" (James Tobin). It would be fruitless to try to reply to Samuelson, Tobin and Company that, in addition to more recent developments indicating the economic importance of military spending, it was only the gigantic government expenditures for World War II that finally pulled the U.S. economy out of the Great Depression (in 1940 we still had 15 percent of the labor force unemployed). Their pat answer is that in the 1930's we simply lacked the technical economic expertise—not that powerful political interests stood in the way of a restructuring of the economy.

Of course military spending may not be organically necessary to avoid economic stagnation. We don't know; we haven't had an extended chance to test this proposition since the 1930's. But if the U.S. economy does not require arms expenditures to sustain it, any wholesale disarmament right now would necessitate some sweeping political changes, to put it mildly. And that in itself indicates how the "new economics," by studiously evading the issue or by frankly supporting high arms expenditures (as some leading economists have done), furnishes very effective and valuable support for the existing system of political priorities. Sooner or later this support is evoked or freely given when the system heads into troubled waters.

Thus, several New Economists took the lead in 1967 in drumming up academic backing for the Johnson income tax surcharge; the effort was sponsored by Walter Heller, Lee Bach of Stanford, and Joseph Pechman of the Brookings Institution. It was an awkward and contradictory move at best. First, it became "imperative" only because economists, especially government economists, had debased their profession a year earlier by permitting LBJ deliberately to hide the true cost of Vietnam by refusing to recommend tax increases when they were clearly needed. In mid-1966 both Johnson and McNamara were arguing privately that it would be politically explosive to admit the true costs of the war because such an admission would wreck the chances in Congress of passing "Great Society" domestic legislation. In this way was economic policy sacrificed on the altar of political dishonesty, and the economists helped Johnson get away with it.

Second, when the White House at last was forced to seek higher taxes in mid-1967 to combat a new spiraling inflation, most economists, with New Economists in the front rank, again just went along, not speaking truth to power, but quickly adapting to power, even though the economic basis of the tax increase decision were debatable (timing and impact) and its political implications absolutely dire. "To some of us," as Northwestern University economist Robert Eisner put it, "the tax surchange proposal threatened to become a sort of economic Gulf-of-Tonkin resolution, offering advance financing of all the additional men and resources the Administration might decide to commit to Vietnam . . . it is sobering to think that so many [economists] are ready to make policy decisions without any deeper insights into the underlying economic relations, let alone their broader political context."

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III

The other side of the 1961-68 equation is the growing social inequality fostered in good part by the "new economics," and depicted by the statistics, taken from the 1969 *Annual Report* itself:

Percentage Increases, 1961-1968 (in "real," or price-level corrected terms)	
Corporate profits, after taxes	109.8
Personal interest income	81.7
Dividends paid out	55.8
Per capita personal income, after taxes	32.7
Average weekly spendable earnings, worker, private nonagricultural industries	9.3
Average weekly spendable earnings, worker, manufacturing only	12.3
net income to farm operators	3.3

Although not all the other statistical returns are in for the past eight years, the rest of the story can be pieced together. There's been a shift toward greater inequality of income distribution, from lower toward upper income groups, and from wage toward property income. The roots of this trend were the Kennedy-Johnson tax policies: the investment credit provisions of 1962 and the Revenue Act of 1964. The first allowed a 7 percent tax credit for businesses on purchases of machinery and equipment, as well as more favorable depreciation schedules; it's estimated to have reduced corporate taxes by $5 billion through 1966 and by $3 billion per year since. The second—the "magnificent tax cut"—provided for personal and corporate tax cuts which increased after-tax incomes more for upper than for lower income recipients, in addition to leaving untouched all the famous tax loopholes (capital gains, multiple trusts, unlimited charitable gifts, stock options, tax free municipal bond interest, and the oil depletion allowance). It returned over $12 billion to middle and upper income families, while the Administration scrounged around to find $1 billion for a "war on poverty."

What happened, in essence, was that a policy choice was made, in favor of major tax cut bills devoid of reform and regressive in ultimate impact. It's generally known that this represented a victory for the 1961-64 Council of Economic Advisers Chairman, Heller, over John Kenneth Galbraith. Heller opted for no-questions-asked tax cuts for the private sector, while Galbraith (then Ambassador to India) instead has been urging higher non–military expenditures and enlargement of the public sector, even if it had to be done at the expense of private consumption. The possible rebuttal to this historical account, that progressive tax measures in 1962-64 would have been rejected by a conservative Congress, carries little weight; for no real effort was ever made to push them through or, for that matter, to propose them.

Here too the "new economics" bears a heavy responsibility. Its self-assigned "pragmatism" and "practicality" are tailor-made tactics for avoiding political confrontation—and buttressing the existing order of things. Status-quo politics, 1960's variety, are in fact written into the very language of the "new economics." For Samuelson, "democracies have generally adopted pragmatic [tax] solutions" that please everybody except "zealots in favor of thoroughgoing redistributional-sacrifice notions." For Tobin, "redistribution of income and wealth by taxation and government transfer payments was in days gone by another rallying point for liberal political movements. The fire has gone out of this one too." And for Heller, there's no need of "robbing Peter to pay Paul," because "the cost of fulfilling a people's aspirations can be met out of a growing [GNP] horn of plenty . . . ideological roadblocks melt away, and consensus replaces conflict."

Not for long, though. Unchanged distributions of wealth and political power have an annoying way of redirecting and capturing their share, and more, of purely quantitative economic growth. The 1961-68 boom falls squarely into this pattern. A rapid rise of profits (normal for any boom), a skyrocketing of interest rates and interest incomes, a reduction in the progressivity of the tax system, and a vast expansion of military spending with its swollen profit margins and executive incomes all combined to help produce an eight-year economic advance that may have set records for social retrogression and tension. The "growing horn of plenty" has been accompanied by quantum increases in conflict and violence—grim testimony to the social content of the "growth" achieved during the reign of the "new economics." And the urban ghettos aren't alone in having suffered. Fixed-income recipients have also been hurt, along with industrial and service sector workers: their real wages have declined somewhat since 1965.

IV

How the mainstream of economics stuffed itself into this box of "uncritical belief" (the late Robert A. Brady's phrase) is a long story which has echoes throughout the American social sciences, all of them in a state of intellectual crisis. Striving after "scientific objectivity," hankering after conventional political power, reacting to the stone-headed anti-Communism of the '40s and '50s, thinking habitually in terms of plain old nationalism—these may explain it, at least in part. In any case the results are with us and are likely to remain for some time, regardless of whether a Democrat or Republican occupies the White House. The differences between a Heller and a Paul McCracken (Nixon's Economic Advisers Chairman) are far smaller than the similarities. In

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fact, the New Economists' emphasis on private-enterprise-led growth, in "partnership" with government, has brought them to promote a series of business investment incentives that add up to something not so different from the "trickle down" theory of by-gone Republican eras.

That similarity also helps explain why the most powerful and influential members of the American business community have been converted to this type of "Keynesianism." They realize that it accepts the political conditions of the new business-government "partnership": the autonomy of private corporations remains unimpaired, property rights and (manipulation of) consumer demand are reinforced. Social priorities are de-emphasized—they get what's left over after the private business sector has made its decisions in the key areas of technology, investment, prices, and the composition and direction of the stream of goods-and-services production. Government fiscal and monetary policy can affect the volume of that production, but not its composition and direction, which are among the real determinants of the quality of our economic life. "New economics" analysis and policies, in other words, presume no institutional change and, more seriously, *offer no way at all of even treating such change as an intellectual possibility.*

New Economists, in sum, can hardly be called reformers, let alone radicals. In their hands, economics has been whittled down into a sort of pathetic scientism, a vehicle for accommodating economic policy to the dispensers of political power. The British economist Joan Robinson characteristically goes to the heart of the matter: "The ideology of [economic] growth is designed to prevent us from asking what we want to do with it." Quantitative economic growth and a socially insane GNP have become substitutes not only for economic reform, but also for those wrenching political choices that alone can make "economic growth" mean something other than oversell, overpollution, overpopulation and overkill.

A tale of five boroughs

GOLDEN BOY AND LITTLE PEOPLE

PHILIP TRACY

There are numerous drawbacks to living in New York. Prices are high and most goods are shoddy. The TV reception is bad and the subways look like gas chambers. You can never find a cab when you want one and every second person seems to own a dog who's contracted diarrhea.

But the town also has some good points. Each June brings a bumper crop of good-looking girls who know that getting dressed means more than covering their bodies. There are always three movies you've wanted to see and one of them is playing just down the block. If you've had a fight with your wife there's a florist that stays open 24 hrs.-a-day. It's the daily little rights and wrongs that make you want to leave this place, and guarantee that you won't.

It's also precisely these little things, for which no politician can be held accountable or given any credit, that decide most New York elections. For they set the tone of the city and condition the people who live here. After a while all politicians sound the same, so the way you vote is mainly determined by your attitude toward the city. Some people stare at mini-skirts while others watch out for dog dirt. John Lindsay's re-election may depend on how many women-watchers vote Nov. 3.

Most New Yorkers understand that little can be done to rectify the chaos that engulfs the city each working day and most weekends. There are too many people and the city's too old, too poor and too established, to permit rapid, sweeping changes. Consequently, the election of a New York mayor is never decided on the basis of which candidate will best be able to solve the problems that beset us. Instead people instinctively choose the man they feel will least damage the delicate balance of conflicting forces which allows the city to survive. If he also manages to make their daily lives a little more bearable, so much the better. But the question of choice is always cast in terms of the lesser of two evils.

Four years ago John Lindsay struck the majority of voters as the lesser evil. He was young (43) and well intentioned (so said the Citizen's Union), while the Democrat he ran against looked like a neighborhood bookie with one foot in the grave. Lindsay's campaign slogan set the tone of the race, "He's fresh and everyone else is tired." Some people believed he would really change the city but the majority seemed to vote from a far more pragmatic viewpoint. As one life-long Democrat explaining his vote said, "I figure the Democrats

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have had their hand in the till long enough. Now it's time to give the Republicans a turn."

Today Lindsay's chance for re-election are no better than ever. Last June he was defeated in his bid for the Republican nomination for mayor by a hitherto unknown State Senator from Staten Island. He has lost support among the liberal Jewish middle class, which was a vital part of his first election. Most unions are not backing him, some black leaders call him a sell-out, he is heckled when he travels to white neighborhoods and people still call him "golden boy." These days John Lindsay catches it from all sides.

A standard explanation of the Mayor's present difficulties usually contains the words "urban backlash." The white working class of American cities are revolting against the social and welfare policies aimed at the urban Negro. Since Lindsay is a leading advocate and practitioner of these policies, the full wrath of New York's working-class whites has descended upon him. It's a nice theory, just not terribly accurate. New York has its share of bigots, but it also has a lot more people who hate the idea of tanks in the middle of their streets. John Lindsay's basic dilemma stems from different roots.

One problem out-of-towners have in understanding the complexities of New York City politics results from their failure to appreciate just how divided the City has always been. New York is really three different cities; Manhattan, the boroughs of Brooklyn, Queens and the Bronx, and finally Staten Island. When out-of-towners talk of New York they usually mean Manhattan. Unfortunately, the majority of New Yorkers, the people who drive the cabs, run the subways and work in the factories and office buildings, live in one of the other three boroughs. These people resent Manhattan. They resent the fact that newspapers and TV always talk about Manhattan as if the other boroughs didn't exist. Like people everywhere, they live lives more of tedium than glamor. So they resist the notion that life in New York is glamorous, and they resent all the young and/or beautiful people who seem to be leading glamorous lives in Manhattan. To these people John Lindsay personifies everything they are not and so they resent him also. As one man put it, "He's not my mayor. He's mayor of all them hot-shots with the fancy apartments. To hell with him."

Half of Lindsay's problem is his background and personality. In most American cities, being a well educated Protestant is considered an advantage, if not an outright necessity, for someone seeking elective office. Not so in ethnic New York. Protestants are a distinct minority in the city and Yale lawyers, especially handsome young ones, are looked upon as dilettantes by most working-class people. The fact that Lindsay has a beautiful wife, attractive children and a middle name like *Vliet,* only confirms their suspicions.

Then again, Lindsay's image never focused during his first campaign. Few people had any concrete impression of what the man was like. Once he took office, Lindsay seemed to become distant, aloof. The mayor of any major city is constantly in the public spotlight but New York breeds it's own special brand of aggressive news-hungry reporters. They seek to rattle city officials in the hope of catching them off guard. Lindsay was easily rattled and as a result he got worse press during his first three months of office than Adolf Eichmann. His relations with the press became strained and his public statements terse and formal. In front of a TV camera, he started looking like a stuffed shirt. The image still haunts him today.

Last of the Puritans

John Lindsay is also the last of the big city Puritan mayors. His political decisions are guided by moral principles. He sees most issues in black and white terms, it's either a good thing or an evil one. His boyhood hero was Oliver Cromwell. In Congress, he earned a reputation as someone who would never desert a cause he believed in regardless of how unpopular that cause might be. As mayor however, he has been forced to make decisions about complex, almost insoluble problems, that have no single solution. New York is a powerhouse of conflicting forces. The trade unions, the real estate interests, the civil service bureaucracy, Wall Street, Harlem, all fight to dominate the town. On any single issue most power blocks have a legitimate if limited viewpoint. Instead of steering between various positions, Lindsay looks at all of them, picks one and argues against all the rest. It is a harsh, tactless way to run a city and it gives the mayor little room to maneuver if he happens to make a mistake. And John Lindsay made several mistakes.

First the transit workers went on strike and Lindsay responded by throwing the union leadership in jail. That mistake went on for ten days, crippling the city and costing the New Yorkers ten times the final settlement in lost salaries and revenue. Then there was a strike by the garbage collectors. Again Lindsay refused to negotiate. In some neighborhoods the garbage piled up past the second storey windows of apartment buildings. Last winter New York had a major snowstorm but the sanitation department was on an austerity budget, so people in Queens couldn't get to work for a week. Their streets were clogged with three feet of snow while the sanitation department went home at five.

When the people in Queens heckle Lindsay these days, most of them are angry over things like snow in the streets. John Lindsay may be called "the first Urban Mayor of America," but to the people in the outlying boroughs of the city he's just the guy who let the trains stop running, the garbage pile up and the schools stay closed for two months last fall.

Of the two men who are opposing Lindsay's bid for

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re-election, Mario Procaccino, the Democratic nominee, has the better chance of succeeding. The odds-on favorite to win following the June primary, Procaccino has managed to cut his lead to zero. In a city where the Democrats outnumber the Republicans three to one, Procaccino should have coasted to victory, given Lindsay's general unpopularity. Yet the Democrats of this town have a past history of putting up candidates so bad their own children won't vote for them, and this year has proven no exception.

Four years ago Mario Procaccino had already reached the pinnacle of success for a clubhouse politician. He was a State Supreme Court Judge. With some notable exceptions, the State Supreme Court has traditionaly been the final dumping ground of both parties for people too loyal to ignore and too dumb to get elected. The party bosses, however, decided that what the Democrats needed to balance the 1965 ticket was an Italian from the Bronx, having already chosen an Irishman from Queens and a Jew from Brooklyn.

At first the Judge was none too happy. He only agreed to run after he was promised reappointment should he lose. Mario is known as a man of limited vision. It is

still a mystery to some exactly why the electorate chose to confirm John Lindsay and install Mario Procaccino as comptroller at the same time. Some people figure it was a mass act of penance for voting in a Republican mayor.

The comptroller's job is to serve as bookkeeper for the city. Since his staff is supposed to do most of the work and the job is generally considered more title than substance, Mario fitted the job description perfectly. For three and a half years few people outside his chauffeur knew who he was.

Then early this spring Procaccino started hearing the voices of "the little people" telling him to run for mayor. In New York's political lexicon, the little people are defined as a small secret society of politically active midgets who go around the city telling Democratic hopefuls that they must run for mayor. Since the little people also gave the same message to former-Mayor Robert Wagner, who lost to Procaccino in the Democratic primary last June, presumably there is more than one faction inside the organization. Nonetheless, we are told they totally oppose the reelection of John Lindsay. No one is quite sure how many midgets are registered to vote in this city, but between them and the policemen, the firemen, and the garbage collectors, Procaccino managed to collect enough votes in the Democratic primary to beat out his other four opponents. Mario claims he's the candidate of "the good guys." Most people think he means white guys.

However, Mario has certain liabilities of his own. The most outstanding of these is his tendency to shoot from the ankles. Next to Procaccino, Spiro Agnew sounds like a UN diplomat. Addressing an audience of black ministers from Harlem, earlier this summer, Mario told them sympathetically "my heart is as black as yours." His all-time great line was delivered while introducing one of his running mates back in 1965. Said Procaccino of his fellow Democrat, "he grows on you, like cancer." What the press did to Lindsay in the early part of his administration is nothing compared to what they're doing to Procaccino now. His press relations are so bad that reporters are not permitted in his campaign headquarters unless they have a special pass. He refuses to speak to reporters except at pre-arranged press conferences.

There are also abundant difficulties in his campaign operation. The little people may hate Lindsay, but whispering encouragement is apparently the extent of their involvement. Procaccino has had to rely on the regular wing of the Democratic party for money and manpower, neither of which the regulars have in any abundance. The situation is further complicated by the fact that some regulars, especially in Brooklyn, opposed Procaccino in the primary and haven't opened the clubhouse doors since June 17. The head of the Brooklyn regulars is reportedly lost somewhere in Europe and isn't expected to be found until sometime around Christmas. As for the more liberal, reform Democrats, they have solidly thrown their support behind Lindsay despite initial reservations.

If there is one point of common agreement among all the political pundits and campaign strategists this year, it is that John Marchi is the most interesting and unpredictable of the three candidates. Marchi has sat in the State Senate in Albany for ten long years quietly representing the conservative interests of his Staten Island electorate. He supported John Lindsay four years ago and no one expected he would act differently this time. But John Marchi is part of what one observer refers to as "the Attila the Hun wing of the Republican Party." This group supported Barry Goldwater wholeheartedly when he ran for President and was less than enthusiastic when Lindsay entered City Hall. By 1968 they were gagging at the mention of his name. On the theory that the mayor didn't have the support of his own party, Marchi finally agreed to oppose Lindsay; he was immediately endorsed by the Conservative Party, a recognized third party in New York state. Marchi went on to

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win the primary by a scant 6000 votes but has been gaining in stature ever since.

Part of the increased respect for Marchi is directly attributable to his ability to keep his mouth shut. He may bore you to death, but at least he speaks calmly and often quite candidly. When New York columnist Pete Hamill wrote that all three candidates should debate the issue of Mafia involvement in illegal drug traffic, Marchi sent him a personal letter saying he agreed with Hammill's suggestion. On the other hand Procaccino refused to discuss the issue, stating he found the question "insulting." Mario, as far as can be determined, has never publicly acknowledged the existence of the Mafia. Lindsay's office withheld comment completely, which was understandable since one of the officials of the Mayor's Independent Party is Anthony Scotto, Mafia-connected leader of the Brooklyn longshoremen's union. Few people now expect the issue to be discussed openly even though it is generally assumed that Mafia controls the distribution of all hard drugs in the city. With that kind of competition it's not too difficult for Marchi to look good.

Unfortunately, Marchi's social philosophy is directly out of the 19th century, complete with the theory of "survival of the fittest." He would cut the welfare rolls, beef up the police force, cut the poverty program and clean up the city. While it all sounds nice (and everyone, including Lindsay, has promised pretty much the same) most of the suggestions are either unworkable or beside the point. Furthermore Procaccino has co-opted most of the anti-black and anti-Puerto Rican vote already, so Marchi is left in the rarified atmosphere of conscientious conservatives.

At this point no one is certain what the final vote will be. A recent poll indicated that Lindsay had 35 percent compared to Procaccino's 33 percent, with Marchi trailing at 12 percent—and 20 percent undecided. Lindsay's people are elated since they believe if someone hasn't decided to vote against Lindsay by now, they will probably vote for him. Others speculate that as election day draws closer people who oppose Lindsay will shift their vote from Marchi to Procaccino rather than allow Lindsay a second term. Procaccino supporters take as much encouragement from the large number of undecided voters as the Lindsay people do. They consider the bulk of these voters to be Procaccino votes who are embarrassed to admit voting for a "law and order" candidate. Marchi supporters feel their man is gaining while Lindsay and Procaccino are tearing each other apart.

As for the average New Yorker, well there is no average New Yorker. Most of the people one speaks to today plan to stay home election day. Perhaps New York might function better without a mayor. How many woman-watchers are left in this city? That's the only real proposition to be decided November 3.

ETC.

PLAYING THE DOZENS

STEPHEN M. JOSEPH

"The way he's talking 'bout you is a crying shame;
He say he rather ride your Momma than a choo-choo train!"

No ghetto education is complete without a course in the Dirty Dozens. It's a schoolyard game which is more common than basketball, but it never reaches the sports pages. The kids call it simply "the dozens." It's part of the learning experience of most adolescent boys growing up in New York City today, and particularly of black children. Occasionally girls play. Rap Brown says, "We played the Dozens like white folks played Scrabble."

The Dozens is a simple game. The idea is to make the opponent "blow his cool," i.e., yell, cry, or fight, by making the most insulting, funny, sexual remarks about his family—his mother in particular. The "game" becomes an ordeal when two players gather a crowd. If they understand the ritual they urge the players on and the "game" becomes a verbal street fight. The crowd's response to a particularly sharp insult is likely to be a long, drawn-out shout of "Em-barrassing!" followed by screams of laughter and hands slapping hands in the ghetto handshake. "Oh, jive!" is another shout of delight and surprise. Boys get reputations for being good Dozens players, just as they do for being "bad" (as in "You think you bad?"), i.e., rough . . . good fighters.

Games like the Dozens have been played for centuries. Boswell, in *The Life of Samuel Johnson,* writes that insulting as a pastime was popular among the English gentry. A favorite Sunday afternoon diversion was the hurling of insults from rented barges as gentlemen drifted down the Thames. A nobleman who yelled an insulting remark about Dr. Johnson's legitimacy was answered, "Sir, your wife, under pretense of keeping a bawdy house, is a receiver of stolen goods."

Where do these "games" come from and why do children play them?

Sociologist John Dollard suggests that the origin of the Dozens may be an enumeration of the obscenities the "mother" engaged in. C. S. Johnson thinks that the

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Dozens may be a corruption of ". . . at least my mother 'dozen' (doesn't)." Adolescent Negro boys often answer a potentially insulting remark with, "Your Momma!," a challenge which leads to the Dozens.

The reason the target is so often the mother is probably because, as sociologists point out, most Negroes have grown up in a matrifocal society. Though there has been some change, the focus is still on the mother—she must hold the family together. Since the divisive days of slavery, when families were arbitrarily broken up, the father's role has been severely crippled. As ethnologist Roger Abrahams says, "The women not only assume all the usual motherly roles of cooking, keeping house, providing the warmth of the family, but also those usually associated with father, i.e., discipline, and providing income."

Motherfucker is still the most dangerous and devastating of insults, especially in matrifocal societies. "Chinga tu Madre" is the most insulting curse in Spanish and often leads to violence. "But that's the way it is," Rap Brown said. "Those that feel most humiliated, humiliate others."

In its strictest form, the Dozens is sexual, but any insult to the family is a form of the game. On New York streets "cutting," "ranking" (also known as "low-ranking"), "woofing" and "sounding" are different names for a less sexual version of the Dozens and first-cousins to the game of "signifying." Signifying is the language of implication. If you boast, goad, beg, wheedle, put on, and *pretend* to be hip, you are signifying.

The Dozens transcends mere four-letter words; a premium is placed on creativity and imagery. Often the Dozens rhyme, like the example at the beginning of this article. It is a form of found poetry, improvised from the common experiences of the street. Art Berger teaches poetry to children in Bedford-Stuyvesant. Here are some 'sounds' from a Dozens dialogue he overheard:

"Oh, Man, there's so much dust in your house the roaches are playing Lawrence of Arabia!"

"Baby, when I asked your mother if I could go to the bathroom, she handed me a flashlight and said, 'Good luck!"

"Good luck? I rang your doorbell the other day and it made the toilet flush."

"I walked in your house, stepped on a roach, and your Momma said, 'There go the power system!' "

"When I asked your Ma for a glass of water, she said, 'Wait 'til the tide come in.' "

"If the man in front of me didn't have more plaid stamps, I would have got your mother first."

"You can tell by your Mamma's teeth she eats Welfare meat."

Another form of the Dozens is the Masculinity Game. In grave doubt about their identity as boys becoming men, adolescents constantly slander each other's "manhood." The most common insult is "fag" or "faggot." Puerto Rican boys call each other "maricón."

What does the Dozens mean? Ghetto children constantly pick at the sores of poverty. Their insults focus on cheap or ragged clothing, roaches, their cramped and broken-down apartments, the scarcity of food and the small portions, the bareness of hospitality, and how much their parents drink and take drugs.

The "game" is played mainly by adolescents and seems to be a painful way of asking questions in the form of insults. By ridiculing each other, they project their terror and confusion about what they must soon face. "Why are we poor?" "Why do we have to live like this?" "If my father loves me, why doesn't he ever come to see me?" "Why do people joke about sex?" "Is it bad?"

These are the questions they want to ask and don't know how to—and so the Dozens. These children are struggling with the problems of becoming adults and their adulthood comes sooner. They want to know what it means to be an adult and a parent, and whether or not it's true that we live at each other's expense. They already know what it means to be poor, but they want to know why. Saddest of all, the questions of the Dozens are asked in harsh, moral, judgmental terms by children confronting a bleak future. They are groping for answers they must have in order to live in some meaningful way. They ask each other in a dead-ended, despairing Dozens game, "What does it mean to be poor and futureless?," and they get the very answers they fear are true.

The Dozens is a painful, rigorous initiation which teaches fear and suspicion and doesn't answer the children's urgent questions about the world. This bitter humor is an attempt to deal with the realities these children see and feel helpless to change.

Their inability to understand or solve these problems leads to an obsession with them. They have been born into a world that witch-hunts them, that tells them they are 'bad' when they ask these questions by acting them out. The boy who wants to know what happens to people who steal gets the answer he dreads when he gets caught stealing. The girl who asks questions about sex by becoming a prostitute gets no closer to answers she seeks.

The question that obsesses these children, all children, is why the adult world seems bent on convincing them that they are bad, worthless, evil, and of no value. It's a very terrifying obsession.

Adults misinterpret children's attempts to explore the reality of the world around them, which leads to an endless cycle of insult and punishment.

The Dirty Dozens is a game which everybody loses.

STEPHEN M. JOSEPH edited *The Me Nobody Knows: Children's Voices from the Ghetto* (World).

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THE SCREEN

The New York Film Festival—held in Lincoln Center, that bold, proud, shining bastion of culture for the affluent bourgeois—is one of the nation's major showcases for politically oriented films. This is probably because of the New York Festival's stature as one of the best film festivals, a festival which performs admirably that basic function of the film festival: the reflection, through the films shown, of the major trends in high quality, artful cinema. With politics swollen beyond thinkable dimensions, with politicians literally in control of the existence of mankind, movie makers are opting for a say, commenting more and more on the myriad emergency situations which surround us. Result: the ever-increasing political flavor of movies.

But what makes a movie political?

It's possible to hold the position of Jonas Mekas, the underground's favorite film critic, who said one day in the lobby of Alice Tully Hall: "All films are political because they require people's time to see them."

Or it's possible to see politics by default, as in *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*, the U.S. comedy entry by Paul Mazursky and Larry Tucker, which deals with instant sexual sainthood and sensitivity and a stupid try at wife-swapping. It's funny all right but completely ignores causal connections, or any attempt to explain the people involved. We laugh at the clumsy attempts of soulless creatures to join a revolution aimed at their destruction; they are empty people who deserve their problems and do nothing to merit the social salvation they finally win.

To zero in on the films which, in one way or another, deal *explicitly* with politics, I counted 12 (of a total 23) feature films of that genre in the main section of the festival, and 10 films in the Special Events section, an imaginative program coordinated by Bob Sitton which included all manner of old and new films. Of these 22 films, at least the following six are extraordinary.

Perhaps the most compelling of all the films shown, because of heart-rending immediacy, is *This Is What Biafra Is*, an hour-long color documentary with Cliff Robertson (this year's Academy Award for title role, *Charley*) as the interviewing journalist. Robertson and an independent film crew went to Biafra for eight days, interviewed the head of state, soldiers and citizens, and photographed the victims of that strange and tragic ethnic war. Ostensibly, it is the federal Nigerians against the Biafrans, but the long-term villains are the British and Russians who, for economic and political reasons, keep the Nigerians in the genocide business.

Only a bit less immediate and fractionally documentary is Juro Jakubisko's *The Deserter and The Nomads* (Czechoslovakia, color), a visually and psychically stunning essay into the basic matter of political violence and death. The three-part film opens with the battlefield desertion of a young gypsy soldier toward the end of World War I. Part two takes place on a Czech farm occupied by Russian partisans days before the liberation of the country by Soviet troops. (Added here is some documentary footage and commentary about the Soviet entry into Prague in August 1968.) Part three is concerned with the aftermath of nuclear World War III and concludes that man is so bent on death that even Death, who is with us throughout the film, will die.

Though it deals with the insanity of violence as a minor theme, Bo Widerberg's *Adalen 31* (Sweden, color) is based on a true story of the seminal days of socialism in Sweden. It is centered on two families—that of a worker and that of a factory manager—and concerns a long strike and the murder of five people by strike-breaking troops. In simplest terms, it is a pro-labor film, but the fine portrayal of human individuals leads to wider truths, including the meaning of class homicide.

The most overtly political film of the festival was Jean-Luc Godard's *Le Gai Savoir* ("The Joyful Wisdom," France/Germany, color). The film consists of a young couple sitting in a TV studio talking, the conversation intercut with all manner of related documentary footage, stills, collages, symbols and texts. In the beginning the girl says, "I want to learn, to teach myself, everyone, to turn back against the enemy that weapon with which it attacks us: language." Godard the revolutionary would destroy language in order to reach beyond the possibilities of our bourgeois history.

Pigpen (Italy/France, color) is Pier Paolo Pasolini's latest attempt to deal with an increasingly bestial humanity. The director—in real life a Marxist and bitter anti-Fascist—gives us two stories, continually intercut, never joining. In the first, a fugitive wanders in a desert and is hunger-driven to cannibalism, a practice which gains him a small band of followers and bizarre fulfillment. In the second, a young man who loves pigs forsakes his girl friend and his ex-Nazi industrialist-politician father, and goes to *his* no less bizarre reward. A tragedy in verse, and strong stuff.

Don Levy's four-year-old avant-garde masterwork, *Herostratus* (England, color), surfaces for the first time in America and may be the revelation of the year. In this rich, pan-political film based on the Greek legend, a young man disillusioned with recent history, the present, and his own hapless existence takes a surrealistic psychic journey to his suicide, the proceedings orchestrated by England's leading ad man. In one surprise after another the film deals with violence, injustice, inequality and horror on all sides, including the *in*sides of one messed-up kid—the only sane figure in the picture.

LEONARD J. BERRY

(Philip T. Hartung, our regular critic, is ill.)

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BOOKS

In the beginning was the sulking opportunist

The Selling of the President 1968

JOE McGINNISS

Trident Press, $5.95

JONATHAN EISEN

The making of presidents has been reported by White, analyzed by political scientists, and dissected into tiny parts by Norman Mailer. Now we have a book lifting the last remaining masks and revealing the whole thing from the adman's perspective. And it's a fine, free-swinging, iconoclastic book, well-paced and pointed, tearing away the last curtains of belief in the legitimacy of that fantastic sideshow known fondly as the presidential campaign.

Nixon is revealed not as the sulking anti-communist opportunist, the man you would never buy a used car from, but the way Feiffer paints him, hollow and insecure to the point where he cannot tolerate being questioned by a psychiatrist on one of the phony TV panels set up for him. He is portrayed as so without coherency that at the outset of the campaign not even his closest advisors know his position on the major issues. "So, at the age of 54," McGinniss writes, "after twenty years in public life, Richard Nixon was still felt *by his own staff* to be in need of time to 'work out firmly in his own mind that vision of the nation's future that he wants to be identified with'."

The decision Nixon and his new staff of admen eventually made, of course, placed him squarely nowhere, a fact duly noted by a minority of the electorate politically astute enough to know a position from a non-position. It is only until we encounter *The Selling of the President 1968*, however, that we begin to digest the full import of what this means not only politically but to the reality of the American consciousness. The 1968 campaign was a studied and professionally-executed attempt on the part of a small number of people to manipulate the symbols of our collective unconscious into identifying Nixon with all that we secretly yearned for. Through advertising techniques, audiences were impressed with the fact that:

> somehow Nixon represented competence, respect for tradition, serenity, faith that the American people were better than people anywhere else, and that all these problems others shouted about meant nothing in a land blessed with the tallest buildings, strongest armies, biggest factories, cutest children, and rosiest sunsets in the world. Even better: through association with the pictures, Richard Nixon could *become* these very things.

Scarcely the dawning of Aquarius; more likely the apotheosis of Tom Watson. Or P. T. Barnum. Funnier still is the way the admen themselves slowly convince each other that in the course of the campaign they have developed, indeed discovered, a *new art form*. In one rather touching moment, the directors of the Museum of Modern Art are summoned to look over the films that the Nixon crew have made ("pap art") in an effort to convince them that never before has the American unconscious been manipulated more effectively. It's new, ergo it's art.

Never once is program mentioned, least of all discussed in any depth. Never once are the issues truly debated, and Nixon never aligns himself with any position that could "damage" him later. For the first time in this country's history a man wins the presidency on psy-war alone. Nixon must have a lot of respect for the suckers.

So we have run out of programs, and more so, we have run out of issues. Just about the time we were running out of our remaining belief in rational man's ability to decide for himself among competing alternatives. What McGinniss has done is to take a hard look at the concept of alternatives and has found them nowhere. In his portrayal of Nixon and the new approach to politics, McGinniss has drawn the outlines of a theory that explains why this approach is so dreadfully successful: namely that in the presence of a collective psyche begging to be reassured, a political ad-machine can insinuate itself between the layers of fear, ego instability and need for reinforcement until it manipulates itself a victory. Rather simple thought up to here. What seems more insidious, though, are the ways that these needs are perpetuated and interact to seal off from contemplation new approaches and, more, new analytic categories or vocabularies *so that there can never be any really new ways of thinking about politics*. There need not be any correspondence between issue-sophistication and ego-need. Nixon wins now, but what matters more are the ways we view the presidency, our need for men to venerate, the pathetic "respect" we accord those who manipulate us without scruple and indeed the very traps we build for ourselves that actively prevent us from doing otherwise. The men around Nixon have not manipulated us so much as they represent us and give us what we think we want.

Toward the end of the book (and the campaign) McGinniss reports the famous incident where Pat Nixon became a white rat. Interviewed, she is applauded by a studio audience. Conditioned to applaud every time she hears applause, she applauds herself.

Not that it was any different for Nixon. The one great fear was that he would revert to form at some time during the campaign and by revealing his true self, lose the game. Only Nixon the automaton could win it. And it was Nixon the automaton who won it, while the rest of us fell one step further out of line.

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Alienation, Atheism and the Religious Crisis

THOMAS O'DEA

Sheed & Ward, $4.95

BERNARD MURCHLAND

There are two basic ways of understanding contemporary alienation. One is to view it as an extension of Gnosticism, an interpretation of existence which saw man in the world as fundamentally estranged and bifurcated. A radical dualism pervades this view and to some extent characterizes all religions. Thus, to signal some 20th-century traces of Gnosticism, we find a Tillich speaking of man's radical estrangement from the ground of his being, Kierkegaardians stressing the incommensurability between the divine and the human or a Sartre splitting human reality off into two inimical halves. To be born is to take leave of that integrated realm where truth and existence coincide.

Another important understanding of alienation is of more recent origin and dominates social criticism. In this perspective, alienation is a human phenomenon and points to the fact that man's techniques, social constructs and labor have grown increasingly splintered and artificial. Capitalism, mass production, abstract science, etc. alienates man from himself and serves him from the larger rhythms of nature and the community. What Marxists refer to as reification is the autonomous, alienated character of the products of man's creative efforts. Human relations and values become abstract expressions of objective processes and by that token are victimizing rather than fulfilling.

The "crisis experience" of modern man is located at the convergence of these two strands. It is this experience that Professor O'Dea writes about in his new book. As a collection of essays, it suffers from considerable overlapping and thematic criss-crossing. On the other hand, the author's main points emerge clearly enough. His central contention is that at the deepest level our crisis is a religious one. "During times of religious crises," he writes in an early chapter, "existence tends to be experienced in terms of its manifold contradictions. People have neither the noetic capacity to integrate an organized outlook nor the psychological ability to achieve a sense of meaningful participation in their society."

It is a "religious" crisis in the sense that the root values of our culture have been as a matter of fact influenced and often justified by religion. To put O'Dea's thesis simply: The collapse of traditional ways of setting value priorities has left modern man bereft of self-definition. This is a familiar theme in cultural criticism and O'Dea is in the large company of those who argue that the loss of the historical functions of religion has led to the emergence of that unpleasant creature we know as one-dimensional man.

To find the equivalence of these functions—which are defined in terms of relation, celebration and the cultivation of an integrated human personality—is the challenge before us. O'Dea urges us to engage in a concentrated effort to harmonize the conflicting contributions of the three major components of our heritage: religion, humanism and science. Religion erred in denigrating the temporal and favoring a too pessimistic view of man's ability to manage his own affairs. Humanism, for its part, affirmed the world but by denying transcendence (as it came eventually to do) narrowed the human scope in a damaging way. Science, finally, has accumulated an impressive record of abstract manipulation. But, writes O'Dea, "to seek the material mastery of the human situation without concern for the interior growth of man and the requirements of human community among men . . . was to permit the means to displace the ends and to become ourselves the victims of our own superlative material powers." Again, the author provides an analysis that is in the main conventional.

To hope for a recovery of the religious function in the purified sense in which O'Dea understands it is commendable in itself. But it is scarcely sufficient. For one thing, this kind of emphasis distracts attention from the urgent work of elaborating the means of remedying our situation here and now. O'Dea is weak on this, altogether too futuristic in postponing till another day the solutions to our dilemmas. While I agree that the time of dealienation is not yet, I am still inclined to think that we can do more in a positive way than we are doing. It is all too easy to become fatalistic about the present and hopeful about the future. Along with that attitude goes a nostalgia for the past. O'Dea's chief weakness is to set too much store by the collapse of traditional values. On the whole, he is disposed to see our present crisis experience as a consequence of the "emptying out" of our religious tradition. In one sense this is true—at least in the sense that religious symbols functioned more effectively in the past than they do now. But, more deeply, the truth seems to me to lie in the converse: namely, the seeds of our present predicament were contained in that tradition. In other words, there is a way of seeing our crisis as a logical outcome of past religious values that were in themselves inadequate.

O'Dea on occasion indicates that he is aware of this line of interpretation but nowhere takes it up seriously. For example, he notes the paradox that Western civilization arose within a value perspective that stressed withdrawal from the world. "One of the great ironies of our history is that Western man achieved the most impressive this-worldly accomplishments although his fundamental world-view give him little basis for significant interpretation of his achievements." "While our European ancestors of the 10th and 11th centuries worked out the solution to difficult environmental problems . . . they accepted a definition of what man should be doing here below of a pronounced other-worldly character." The "ironies" alluded to in these quotations point to a serious form of moral schizophrenia that has infected our traditional values at this very source. Consequently, the problem is less that our values have collapsed than that they were unsatisfactorily secured to begin with. That is why revolutionary

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efforts today are not concerned with reconstructing a tradition; they are intent upon exploring new ways of conceiving the human enterprise and setting forth a fresh definition of what it means to be men.

There are dangers, to be sure, even hubris in thus cutting ourselves off from traditional moorings. But many think that the nature of the crisis weights the odds in favor of such a wager. Interestingly enough, O'Dea's two perceptive essays on Youth make this point clear. He says it well when he notes that young people "seek another way." It won't do to chalk their quest up to a lack of historical perspective. Better than most elements of our society, young people understand the kind of radical imagination that is called for in building a future and throwing off the "iron cage" of the past. Naive? No doubt, if judged by the standards of the prosaic mind; but not if measured against those ideals that ennoble man and save their souls.

The Range of Commitment: Essays of a Conservative Liberal

JUSTUS GEORGE LAWLER

Bruce, $6.50

PHILIP NOBILE

Susan Sontag does it. Norman Mailer and Christopher Lasch do it. Even Edmund Wilson does it. So *The Critic* is not quite fair to accuse Justus George Lawler of doing it as if it were some unnatural literary act. What has Lawler done? He published this altogether *déjà vu* essay collection which *The Critic* describes as an "unblushing trafficking of talent" unmatched since Michael Novak's *A New Generation.* But one man's trafficking is another man's trump. Who's to say? And for that matter, ought not *The Critic* cease publishing those *London Observer* retreads before it lob the first rock?

What we have here is a Lawler sampler—an eclectic gathering of occasional articles, book reviews, special pleadings and cheek, full of bishops, Marxism, morality, priests, contraception, Catholic education, Charles Davis, Leslie Dewart, Dan Callahan and the theology of animals. Leaving until later the reservations that inevitably attend such a deep salvaging operation in religious waters, let us leap into the time tunnel and consider the essays in their prime.

To begin: Justus George Lawler is loosely divided into two parts—sober, professorial Editorial Director of Herder and Herder and Chartreuse-drinking, Thai-boxing polemicist of 400 blows. This intellectual split runs along the range of his commitment. When Lawler is being liberal with "Bishops as Teachers," "Priests in the World," "Contraception and the Natural Law" and "Aid to Catholic Schools," he is judicious and utterly persuasive. When the conservative lobes of his mind are blown by "Theology and the Uses of History," "Charles Davis: The Glamour of Dissent," and Dan Callahan in "Matter Ecclesia," he leans toward the insufferable.

The bishops thing, for example, is a nice piece of footwork. Instead of sniping at this large episcopal target ("submitting blindly to the flux of change"), Lawler envisions positive possibilities for reformed Apostolic Successors after Vatican II ("Man lives in time and through temporal instruments comes his salvation."). He would have them elect the Pope, preside over smaller dioceses, reassert national church leadership, allow monastic foundations and major universities greater autonomy, become teachers not canon lawyers and accept the risks of preaching the Gospel on peace and social justice. As always, the treatment is historically situated and learnedly referenced. Lawler is a self-confessed stylist and votary of good form.

But look what obtains as bishop-lover becomes Davis & Callahan-despiser. All his good instincts flee into the swine of overwork and overwrite. Aroused by the dimwitted comparison of Charles Davis' turnabout with Newman's Anglican disaffection, Lawler's demon harasses the apostate mercilessly in "The Glamour of Dissent." For the Davis business not only opposes his conservative liberalism, as does Callahan's theological slumdwelling, it also offends his sensibility (a more serious matter). Newman and the rest of the 19th century boys—von Hügel, Manning, Ward, Döllinger and de Lamennais—are his dearest fellows. Newman pops up in 10 of the 13 essays—from "Marxism as Propaedeutic" to "Toward a Theology of Animals." Fooling with the Cardinal and his times, then, is asking for it. So poor Davis is dragged over the endless backstair intrigues of another day as Lawler reminds "how men under great personal pressure responded to ecclesiastical authority, how they parried its blows, temporized, feinted, struck back, or maintained silence; in sum, how they expressed in their actions the realization that every institution is a 'political' institution." Davis is something of a simpleton in contrast to "the great leaders of the 19th century Catholic enlightenment [who] knew that 'faith and theology' must employ 'palace politics.' "

For agreeing with Davis that the Church commands belief in its social structure as a condition of faith, Dan Callahan ("evoking Farinata cursing the absolute, Orlando furioso staving off the Saracens of duality") invites similar overreaction in "Matter Ecclesia." Never one to plaintalk a defense of his own territory, Lawler drowns himself and the argument "in accents ignoble."

Apart from these domestic entanglements, almost all interesting in their

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REVIEWERS

JONATHAN EISEN, a former member of the *Commonweal* editorial staff, recently edited *The Age of Rock* for Random House.

BERNARD MURCHLAND edited *The Meaning of the Death of God* (Random House). He is presently working on a book dealing with alienation.

DESMOND O'GRADY, the *National Catholic Reporter's* man in Rome, has published a book of short stories.

FATHER JORDAN BISHOP, O.P., is professor of Church History at the National Seminary of San Jose in Bolivia.

RUDOLPH GERBER teaches the philosophy of law at the University of Notre Dame.

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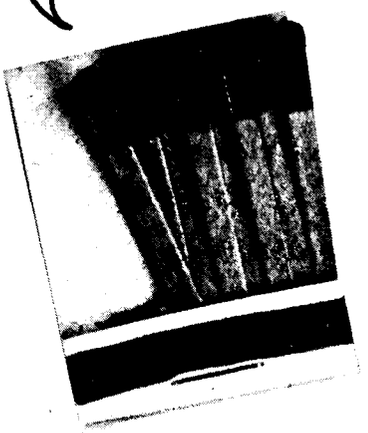

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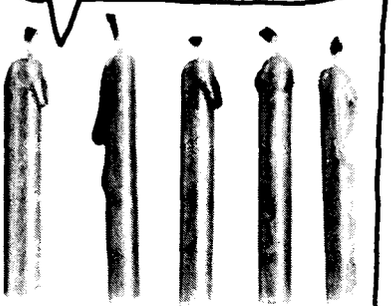

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minority, there is the dodgier question of resurrection. In other words, need we have this assemblage? I say no. The religious controversies Lawler embraces just don't age terribly well. Nor is there any *Against Interpretation* or *Axel's Castle* kind of compulsion for their rebirth. *Range* should have stood in *Continuum, Commonweal, Christian Century* etc., not to avoid the trafficking, but rather the accidents of time.

Three Cheers for the Paraclete

THOMAS KENEALLY

Viking $4.95

DESMOND O'GRADY

After several ex-priests have told how outdated their church appears to them, an ex-seminarian has done a fine job of telling how the Church looks to liberal priests who remain. Shrewdly enough, Keneally has centered the action in a Sydney seminary where a young history lecturer Father James Maitland runs foul of the local taboos.

These taboos dominate the club-like atmosphere of a clerical world in which economy bulbs give poor illumination to the grey elephant of a House of Studies "cavernous symbol of Maitland's unhappiness" where it is "impossible to speak for long to anyone without a bell ringing"; where there is tolerance of Maitland as long as it is thought he will become a clubman; where the priest who serves on the matrimonial court and decides to marry seeks a severe judgment from his colleagues; where there are "orthodoxies prolific in closed mind"; where the future bishop Monsignor Costello is a source of phrases such as "His Grace is about to step heavily on the so-called moderates" and where His Grace himself, looking "like the Bishop of Artois, rang for supper with a bell-pull plaited in all the liturigical colours" and orders from Molly, when she arrives, a cup of cocoa.

It is hard for Maitland to take all this or leave it. He tells his superior that the House of Studies "depressed the tripes out of me as a student and gives me the gorblimeys as an adult." But he first entered it as a youngster from an Irish-Australian working-class background whereas on his return as a professor he has liberal ideas labeled Louvain on sex, psychiatry, intellectual freedom, art and history. They serve only to make his colleagues secrete pearls such as "you can't overdo orthodoxy."

A series of clashes with the church establishment is triggered when a stalwart Catholic layman attacks in the local press "The Meanings of God," a book which Maitland had pseudonymously published without permission while at Louvain. When a university lecturer defends the book Maitland is asked by the archbishop to attack it.

Maitland comes off second best in his jousts with the establishment even though he espouses all the right causes. Nevertheless, he sticks it out. "I'm like Shackleton caught in the pack-ice. All I can do is wait for a lead, an indication," he says at one stage and, at another point, "I'm an institutional being. I have been from childhood. My one hope is to wait for my institution to re-establish some contact with the . . . living truth again, that's all." In a key passage, he says "One thing I'm sure of, and that is while the arrogant priest might be an object of mockery, he's quickly becoming supplanted by his brother, the priest who doesn't know what anything means, who's a sort of humanist and in whom the only positive element is that he doesn't believe in what Nolan and Costello [the rector and vice-rector] believe in the way Nolan and Costello believe in it."

Maitland, then, is free of the simplifications of the doctrinaire liberal but is also inconsistent. He can tell a colleague that "if I had to forget that I was a priest I could with ease do so" yet when the bishop-elect Costello tells him it is hard to believe he wants to remain a priest, Maitland answers "It's essential that I stay." Essential, that is, for his salvation.

A little later Maitland is undergonig investigation by his archbishop, who threatens to suspend him. Maitland promises to observe in future Canon 1366 governing the publication of books by priests even though he finds it odious. "The essential," he explains, "is that I remain in the Church."

In these moments Maitland does not seem to realize that there is salvation outside the clergy. Moreover Keneally does not seem to realize just how clericalist is Maitland, despite his liberal causes, so there is a certain lack of definition in his presentation. It is this which makes the novel more a genre-piece of clerical life than a penetrating character study.

The clash in the novel is not so much between pre- and post-conciliar mentalities (as everyone from *Time* magazine to Graham Greene has claimed) but between European sophistication and Irish-Australian bluntness. Maitland half suspects that this is a cultural problem rather than a religious question; this would be shown more clearly if he met some laity with ideas similar to his own. However, incredible as it is even for Sydney, he never meets such

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lay people. True to the novel's clericalist bias, Father is the one with all the brightest ideas.

Maitland is a convincing study of a stay-put but, as he says, "sapless" priest, more anchored to the old order than he realises. To round out the gallery of liberal priests who stick, it would be necessary to have fictional exploration an another postconciliar type: short of Andrew Greeley, there must be open-minded priests who find their ministry meaningful althought not the only possible means of salvation.

Keneally's previous novel *Bring Larks and Heroes*, set in the penal colony period, showed there was a second Australian novelist, apart from Patrick White, whose fiction went far beyond the limits of naturalism. *Three Cheers for a Paraclete* is on a lower level, a wry, competent report on clericalism which ends, appropriately, with Maitland and his priest friend Egan taking a cottage on the coast and living there, an odd couple, until they are posted to parishes.

The Great Rebel: Che Guevara in Bolivia

LUIS J. GONZALEZ
GUSTAVO A. SANCHEZ SALAZAR
Grove Press, $7.95

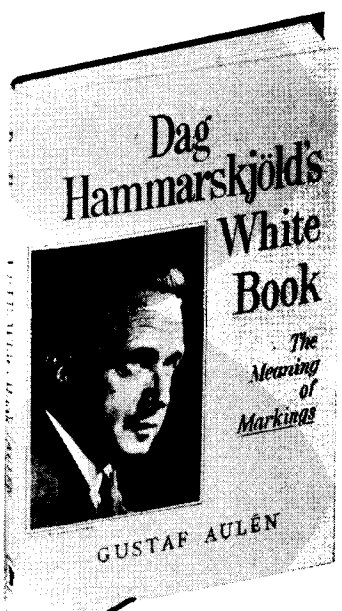
JORDAN BISHOP

This is undoubtedly the most complete and the best documented work to appear to date on the history of Che Guevara and the ill-fated guerrilla adventure in Bolivia. While the authors make no attempt to disguise their sympathies with anti-imperialist movements of national liberation in Latin America, they show considerable sensitivity for the human dimensions of life in the campaign of the members of the Bolivian armed forces, even as they are in some particulars—notably in their account of the death of Che Guevara and the participation of the CIA in the campaign—in blatant contradiction with various official versions of the events.

In spite of the time passed between the writing and the publishing of a very topical history, there have been no significant additions to the store of facts uncovered by the authors. Working on the spot, with contacts often unavailable to foreign journalists, they have produced a detailed and complete history of the events, with the exception of the trial of Regis Debray, which may well appear in another volume.

In retrospect, certain enigmas remain unanswered. The role of the Bolivian Communist party has been clarified somewhat by the polemic between Moscow and Pekin-oriented parties which took place after the death of Che Guevara, and by articles by Jesus Lara, whose recent resignation from the Bolivian Communist party is due to the role played—or refused—by the party in the guerrilla effort. Che had apparently hoped for a peasant uprising which never materialized, and in fact one company of armed peasants from the Cochabamba valley was raised to fight against the guerrillas, although they never saw action. Whether the Bolivian Communist party actually led Che and his companions to expect a peasant rising remains unknown. The miners were, of course, bitterly opposed to the regime, but the miners have been under tight military occupation since May of 1965, and most of the recruiting among the miners only turned up unemployed men of doubtful ideological commitment. Several in fact deserted.

The falseness of the later Communist party attack against Debray is shown quite clearly. Deserters from the guerrillas had given the Bolivian army as much information as Debray himself possessed several weeks before his capture. It should also be noted that the authors' history of the events implies a greater role for the Bolivian army than one would surmise from the recent article published in *True* by Andre Saint George (April 1969), who tends to make it sound like an American operation. The discrepancy is not so much a question of facts as of the overall view of the events, and it should be added



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that Saint George's reporting was somewhat modified in the Spanish version published in the Spanish-language news review *Vision* (April 25th, 1969). In one important point the two accounts coincide: the participation of CIA agents, which has been repeatedly denied by the Bolivian government.

One, Two, Many Che's

Che Guevara (Stein and Day, $7.95) is the latest entry in the Guerrilla Sweepstakes. A big biography by Daniel James, former managing editor of *The New Leader* and editor of the "official" Bolivian government version of Che's diaries: debunking is the purpose, CIA-liberal the politics. Well-written and plenty of information, but then you might prefer to see the movie. P.S.

Sacramentum Mundi III

Herder and Herder, Six-Volume Set, $135

EDIT. KARL RAHNER ET AL.

RUDOLPH J. GERBER

One of the most ostensible features of *Sacramentum Mundi III* is that the volume gives a nearly complete lie to the trumpet bombast on its jacket. This compendium of scholarly opinion aims to be a "theological work" which is "truly contemporary." It claims to "do more than merely re-state in a modern idiom the traditional practices of Catholicism." It seeks to express a response "to the spiritual needs of present-day man" in such a manner as to incorporate into its structure "the insights of *this* historical epoch." (italics theirs). The reader is expressly assured that this is "not just another Catholic encyclopedia, another lexicon or dictionary of religious information." Instead, *Sacramentum Mundi III*, like its two predecessors, is a "unified theological synthesis animated by a single ideal, written out of a definite religious perspective and going towards a precise goal." It is theology "written *in* and *of* and *for* the world" where men really dwell! (italics theirs, exclamations mine).

The enthusiastic reader who ventures past these jacket pronouncements finds that *Sacramentum Mundi* is yet another dictionary of theological and philosophical topics, arranged alphabetically and composed by six hundred international scholars with considerable academic acquaintance with the dictionary as well as with the theological method. The volume is more a collected synthesis of respectable majority views on central topics rather than a creative "work" in any sense. It is contemporary because its publication date is 1969, as well as because it incorporates post-Vatican II thinking under the erudite liberalism of editor Karl Rahner. But what strikes the reader above all is that *Sacramentum Mundi is* indeed a restatement of traditional dogmas and practices in contemporary and highly existential idiom. Though perhaps written in answer to the spiritual needs of this epoch, the volume's abecedarian listing of learned opinions will likely not put those needs to bed satisfied. The "definite perspective" in the third volume appears to be nothing more lofty than that of predominately Germanic and existential viewpoints, and the "definite goal" toward which it moves so resolutely seems little more elevated than the progression from letter H ("Habitus," the first entry) to the letter M ("Materialism," the last).

The critic can indeed be hard-nosed toward this volume not because of any serious theological or philosophical errors but because of its publisher's misleading popularization of the work as a sort of *Commonweal* Catholic's zesty bed-time reading. In all frankness, the "world *in* and *of* and *for* which" the work is written is that of the slightly dusty orbit of professional theologians and the occasional philosopher who still may be interested in the traditional philosophical-theological alliance. Like its two similar predecessors *Sacramentum Mundi III* is thus most valuable for two classes of people: the professional theologian who wants some taste of the degree of theological consensus on various topics and the harassed curate who, late of a Saturday eve, seeks a pithy if somewhat dry synopsis of an item for his Sunday morning sermon. The average lay reader will rarely

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touch this work and will be little worse off for seeking elsewhere.

Some of the topics treated in volume III are especially interesting for their candor and often evocative of an "I always thought so myself" feeling. The article on "Hell," written by Rahner himself, presents that fiery concept not in literal terms but as "an image" which is part of the "mental furniture of the apocalyptic" in its efforts to describe "an objective aspect of the loss of God." The literalness of the fire-and brimstone tradition is cogently replaced with the provocative suggestion that hell is a historically-conditioned expression for the unknown but real deprivation of one who lives and dies without God.

"Heresy," written by another Germanic mind, theologian H. Heinemann, observes that "it may be assumed that the notions of heresy and heretic have changed since Vatican II," to the extent that the view now returning to the fore is that "those born outside the Catholic Church are not to be spoken of as heretics." Such negative assurances are less contemporary than the current heresy-discussion warrants.

The long article on "Immortality" concludes with the statement that "no more interest is taken in proofs of immortality than in proofs of the existence of God." No other statement reveals more clearly the cleft between the approach of the professional and the common man.

Some other topics are equally provocative. The "Inquisition" is described in some detail as a "great blot on the church's record and an undeniable scandal." The article on "the philosophy of law" is one of the better lengthy pieces of scholarship in the volume. It includes some overstatements, such as the assertion that the theory of law forwarded by Aristotle and Aquinas is the foundation "on which the modern ontology of law is built." While that statement is true of the ontologies both contributing to and developing from the natural law tradition, the fact remains that the last century has seen an ever-rising acceptance in the West of the legal positivism of Austin and the sociological jurisprudence of Pound. The section on "Marriage" numbers among its especial gems the abolition of the old primary-secondary end terminology in favor of an emphasis on mutual self-completion as the goal of marriage, one of whose implications seemingly would be that artificial birth control would not be automatically a frustration of the nature of marriage. The article concludes with the reassuring declaration that "attempts to deduce the notion of the family theologically from the Blessed Trinity must be regarded as a failure."

An otherwise competent survey of "Marxism" occasionally treats that vast movement as a museum-piece of the Eastern bloc. "It can be taken for granted," affirms the author, Werner Post, that "in the modern Western neo-capitalist countries there is no question anywhere of a revolutionary-minded proletariat." One wonders if the "contemporaries" of Post at Herders' offices have heard of the workers' strikes in Paris, the student revolts everywhere, and the rise of militants in parts of Western Europe as well as in the U.S. Despite such occasional lapses, this third volume deserves the respectful attention accorded the previous two.

CORRESPONDENCE

(Continued from page 91)

education as a critical inquiry into the whole of experience is merely feeble-mindedness. BERNARD MURCHLAND

The Navy's Priest

Wayland, Mass.

To the Editors: I was pleased to see Murray Polner's "An Enemy of the People" [Sept. 19], for it calls attention to the Navy's attempts to silence journalist Seaman Apprentice Roger Priest who faces a possible 35-year prison sentence for having published strong anti-ware statements in his newsletter.

The Navy has already admitted that as many as 25 agents of the Office of Naval Intelligence were assigned to maintain surveillance over Priest, and at one point even the trash from his civilian apartment was searched for so-called incriminating evidence.

Priest holds the lonely distinction of being the only editor of an underground newspaper published by active duty servicemen to sign his name publicly to his views. This assertion of his basic constitutional rights has brought the full weight of the military establishment to bear upon him, and the possibility that he will serve time in prison for exercising constitutional rights illustrates how vindictive our government has become towards those who would attempt to preserve the best in American democracy.

Sometime in early November, Priest's court-martial will commence in Washington. Readers of *Commonweal* who would like to assist Priest can do so by writing letters to the Secretary of the Navy pointing out the injustice of the case, noting that charges were dropped in the Pueblo affair and recently were dropped against the Green Berets who were accused of murder.

Further information about the case and letters of support with contributions can be sent c/o Priest, Room 200, 1029 Vermont Avenue, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.

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